

sation and "see Lincoln," including the home of Bryan, the Nebraska state capital building and incidentally get a bumping on O street that will cure any latent liver trouble which the passengers may have caught in less favorable spots while en route. But it is very hard on Lincoln. With the vision set in Denver, and the capital building set in terraces of vivid green as smooth as satin, of asphalted streets clean and smooth, of lawns as perfect as those of Versailles, the travellers are jerked and bumped over O street past the Richard's block ruins and through the depression, human, real estate and highway of the road to the capitol. Until they reach this building the travellers have repressed criticism, in the hope of seeing a noble edifice set in the midst of a green isle, but when the humiliated motor-man tells them that the structure at the right is the state capital they laugh at the result of their trip. The home of Bryan is the conventional and expected modest residence of a well known man and the travellers snap their kodack at the incurving tower without any more remarks.

The train started by Miss Schenck of Babylon, Long Island, has reached Lincoln and hundreds have responded to it with ten cents and the four letters asked. Although Miss Schenck has asked the aid of the newspapers of the country to stop the chain the little postoffice at Babylon is swamped with the letters in answer to the chain started by Miss Schenck. The chain was to end with number twenty, but the recipients have paid no attention to that and the increase in the Schenck daily mail is in the ratio of geometrical progression. Four multiplied by four nineteen times equals, if each letter contains ten cents, \$146,854,097,817.60. The letter the writer received was numbered twenty-eight, so one hundred and forty-six billion and a few odd million dollars has been multiplied 65,536 more times than the dreamy young lady expected. The fingers of her family are all frazzled out opening letters and stacking up dimes. The amount already received is sufficient to enable the auxiliary to maintain an ice route in the camps of the United States army for many years. In the meanwhile the Schencks who live on a hill in the village of Babylon build a huge bonfire with the letters received from soldier sympathizers every night, which can be seen for miles around. The country side knows the cause of it and smiles. As each letter received represents ten cents in stamps the postoffice shares half and half with the ice auxiliary. Nevertheless it is the earnest wish of Miss Schenck that the chain may be broken and that those receiving an end will neither send ten cents nor write four more letters.

The capital building is in a wretched condition and the grounds are those of an unthrifty farmer. In order to provide fodder for the cattle belonging to the state officers only as much grass is cut every day as can be carried in the buggies hitched about the building. It is hard on the people of the state to humiliate them for the sake of a little fodder. Only eight men are employed in the building and grounds of the Colorado capital. Nebraska has seven in a much smaller building and smaller grounds but the Denver capital (which is twice as large) is kept clean inside and the grounds are kept in perfect condition by eight men. Visitors to the capital here complain that the charmen employed to keep the halls and rooms clean do their work after the business of the day has begun and the unlucky lawyer or student who wishes

to consult books in the library is covered with dust. The board of public lands and buildings apparently do not appreciate the fact that the building in which representatives meet to make the laws and where the chief executive and other state officers conduct the people's business should be taken care of and that the campus which surrounds it should not be converted into a pasture and reserved for the special use of said officers. There is a dignity which doth hedge the state which Uncle Jake Wolfe does not appreciate.

JOTTINGS.

[BY WILLIAM REED DUNROY.]

My room-mate and I took a zig-zag scoot across the state the other day and saw more fine country, and had more fun than any two fellows who ever came up the pike. We left the city behind us on the B. & M., along in the forenoon. There was nothing much to leave behind us, but the thumping strains of a street piano and our boarding house dinner. After the smoke of the city had disappeared we came into the region of corn fields, and we stayed in that region until we came back again. For miles and miles we passed by and through checker boards of green and gold. There were fields of the deepest green corn next to the gold of a wheat or an oat field. Then we passed by waving fields of alfalfa and by fields where the wheat had been gathered and stacked in big stacks that looked like knots of blonde hair on the head of a woman. And over the checker board was stretched a blue tent of the bluest sky that ever covered a land of plenty.

As luck would have it, two young ladies, old acquaintances, were on the train, or rather one of them was in the train, and the other one boarded it at a little station. This was just the last touch to make joy complete. At Fairmont the editor of the Fairmont Tribune was at the train to meet us, and we exchanged a few joshes before we pulled out for Strang. We visited till the latter town was reached. About this time we all began to feel hungry. My room-mate and I went out on a foraging exploration. We could not find a restaurant so we piled into a grocery store where the proprietor was busily engaged trying to wait on customers and take care of a tow-headed kid at the same time. We began to order what we wanted and between orders he would chase after the kid, sometimes out of the front door, and sometimes out of the back door. We found some mustard sardines for one thing, and some soda crackers for another. Chees, oranges, hoarhound candy and red pop, completed the list of things to eat. We took brown paper for a table spread and made napkins of the same coarse stuff. In the train we overturned one of the car seats and made a table. There we spread our impromptu feast, and I tell you right here that I never sat down to a luncheon served with immaculate linen and shining silver and cut glass, that tasted better than this one. The tin spoons that we had purchased to eat out sardines with, were kept by each one of the party as souvenirs.

Luncheon was nicely over when three of the party boarded the train for Superior together and one went on to Hebron. At Edgar the last young lady left us and we went on to Superior alone, but talked of nothing but our luncheon and the kindness of Providence in providing such good company. At Superior, Don Adams,

who was a student at the state university, met us at the train, which by the way goes clear around the town three times and then backs in, and he took us to his home in the outskirts of one of the prettiest towns in the state. Here we were entertained most royally by Captain and Mrs. Adams. Mr. Adams made the evening most pleasant for us by detailing stories of the civil war where he participated in thirty-eight fights. Mrs. Adams entertained us with a splendid dinner. Later we went out on the lawn and visited. From the lawn to the south we could see the bluffs that border the other side of the Republican valley and they told us that that was Kansas.

About eight o'clock we got aboard the train for Republican City. We followed the winding flow of the Republican river. It curves and winds along like the rick-rack braid that was formerly used to trim dresses with. But up from the silver wriggle, the green and golds of the corn lands sweep and the golden fields of wheat gleam like copper in the glowing sunset light. We plunged on through the beautiful valley and before we hardly were aware the puffing old engine was at Red Cloud. Here we waited while the hungry passengers went in to the Burlington eating house and ate their suppers. It looked so inviting in there that we were mad because we had had our supper and could not eat again. We looked for the town but could not find anything but straggling streets with trees and weeds galore. Finally we were ranked into Republican City and there we found our friends awaiting us. My room-mate was at home. He went flying around like a hen with its head cut off, kissing and hugging what seemed to me like the whole town and I was left to weakly shake hands with whom I could find.

The next morning the "city" dawned upon my view. It is an unpainted town. Typical of western Nebraska. The wind was blowing hot and the dust from Kansas was fearful. My room-mate's mother said that one day the dust all blew up from Kansas, and the next day it all blew back again. I suppose she knows for she has lived there nineteen years. After breakfast, where we had coffee as richly amber as ever was brewed, and flaky bread fit for the gods, and many other good things, the church bells began to ring. I thought I would get funny and innocently asked if they were driving the cows to pasture. But it wasn't so funny as I thought it would be. However we went to Sunday school. My room-mate's father taught the class I was in. And I will say right here that I never went into a class where there was more wide awakesness than in that class. It might have shocked the ears of some blue old Presbyterian elder to have heard us, or it might have brought the wrath of some devout Methodist upon us, but the discussion of the lesson was thorough and each man had a right to express his opinions. There is no hidebound way of discussing the lessons in that class. If a man disagrees with the accepted interpretation of the lesson and gets a little outside of the pale of orthodoxy, it does not matter. Every man, Christian or non-Christian, trinitarian or unitarian, has a perfect right to express his opinion and the discussion and interest in the class is augmented thereby to a great degree.

After Sunday school was held the funeral of a little child. Slowly four sun-burned men, bent with years of hardship and toil, carried a little cof-

fin into the church. It was so tiny that it looked like a toy coffin. On the lid was laid a wreath of homely, home-grown flowers. The little casket was placed before the pulpit on a bare marble top table. In through the windows of the church, which were stained a dull blue, the summer sun shone ghastly upon the solemn crowd gathered there. The mother of the dead babe was supported into the church in her hot black dress and veil, and had to be taken from the room again soon, as she was faint. The hot winds blew the gritty dust into the open door and the sound of the mother's sobs sounded despairingly through the hushed house.

My room-mate and I, with a hastily gotten together quartet, sang, "By Cool Siloam's Shady Hills," a song that brought out with its beautiful words the awfulness and bareness of the scene before us. After the local preacher had read the scripture lesson and some beautiful selection from the poets, he began a dreary and fearfully matter of fact sermon. With his harsh and discordant voice he preached over the dead body of the fant a fierce exordium to the cringing living. Then out through the door they bore the casket and on and on out through the dusty roads to the wind swept prairie grave. A few stragglers drove out to the burial and as they drove from the church the dust came up like a curtain and hid them from the sight of those who stayed behind.

In the evening we were invited to the house of a neighbor. There was a lawn there. A part of it was alfalfa but that did not matter for it was fresh and green. On the vine-covered porch we spent an hour listening to a male quartet sing. My room-mate sang in this, and the other members were an old man fifty-three years of age, a "corn field canary" as the corn plowers are called, and a university student. Their voices blended finely in the night air and we had a concert that would put to shame many a one held in the city of Lincoln. Later went to the train and went west to Oxford that I might get a train for home. But the trip home was over another road and it was by night. I did not see the corn fields nor the emerald plains, I was wrapped in the arms of morpheus and did not awaken until I was almost home.

Hot, hot, hot
Is the blistering breath of June,
And I wou'd my throat could utter
An anti-torridness tune.

O well for the Esquimaux
That he 's on a cake of ice!
O well for the polar bear
That he looks so cool and nice!

But the scorching heat pours down
And blisters both head and feet!
And O for a touch of vanished frost,
Or the sound of some hail and sleet.

—Vance Thompson in the Musical Courier.

BEAUTIFUL EASTER LILIES.

Florida is the home of the beautiful Easter lily. During the blooming season, in some places, the ground is almost white with their beautiful, lily white flowers, and thousands of them are picked by the colored children and carried to market. Before coming north I had a fine lot of the lily bulbs dug and brought them with me; they make lovely house plants and are sure to bloom. Any one who would like two or three of these lily bulbs can have them by sending a stamp to pay postage. You are indeed very welcome to send, as I can get more when I return to Florida next fall. Address, Mrs. F. A. Warner, Saginaw, East Side, Michigan.